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## A SEA TALE.

From the Boston Daily Journal.

AMOS JONES.

The Boy who went to sea in spite of Himself!

BY HANSEER MARTINGALE.

A NUMBER of years ago there lived in Maine a man named Sylvester Jones. He dwelt in a little cottage, on the banks of one of those beautiful rivers which are found in such abundance in our sister State. He owned a little piece of land situated at only a few miles distance from the sea and maintained himself and family by the labor of his hands. He was a poor and honest, hard working man. His family consisted of his wife, a son named Amos, who was some twelve or fourteen years of age, and a little daughter, named Louisa, only six years old.

Amos Jones was a stout boy for his years. He had never known ill health, but was familiar with the rough-and-tumble of life. He was inured to a life of labor and hardship, but seemed always cheerful and happy. He could whistle, or sing, or laugh with any of his companions, in the humble village near his father's house, and seemed to excel in any kind of work suitable for a farmer's boy of his age, or even in play. He was a little bit of a rogue, too, but not a mischievous one; for he was never known to be guilty of vicious or ill-natured actions, or to implant shame or sorrow in the bosom of any of his friends.

Amos was fond of sporting and would often persuade his father to let him go into the woods with his gun, in search of partridges, or squirrels, or rabbit; and the crows recognized him whenever they saw him, for he had often by well directed shots, reduced the number of that noisy and mischievous community—and whenever the rascals saw him they commenced a clamor which could be heard a mile. But, above all things, Amos loved to sail in a boat. His father owned a clumsy, ill-contrived thing, which by courtesy was called a boat. This was the delight of Amos. He soon learned to manage the sail indifferently well, and could scull the boat along, by his own unassisted efforts, at a rapid rate, especially when favored with the wind and tide!

In this boat he often accompanied his father to the mouth of the river, where, among the islands and reefs which are scattered along the coast, they found, at certain seasons, not only abundance of excellent fish, but plenty of ducks, brant, teal, curlew, and other game. And his father allowed him often to cross the river alone in the boat, to hunt in a thick piece of woods along the bank, called Tucker's Woods. And as Amos could swim like a fish—an accomplishment which every boy should spare no pains to acquire—and could manage the boat pretty well, there seemed to be no danger or impropriety in allowing him this privilege.

One day, in the month of June, Mr. Jones had occasion to visit a town several miles from his residence, on some business connected with the Courts; and Amos worked hard to finish the labors, which his father had allotted him for the day, in season to spend an hour or two in hunting; and it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, with his gun and a goodly quantity of powder and shot, he embarked in the boat to cross the river to Tucker's Woods. The weather was then pleasant and there was hardly a breath of wind stirring, inasmuch that he could not use the sail, but had to scull across the water. He fastened the boat in a little cove, and started on his hunting expedition. He was absent between two and three hours, and returned loaded with game. For he had been unusually successful. But as he entered the boat and hoisted the sail to the fresh breeze which now sprung up, for the purpose of returning to his home, he did not observe any more than when he was in the depth of the woods, that a dark and heavy cloud, apparently full freighted with wind and rain, was rapidly rising in the west, and had almost reached the zenith, threatening an immediate and furious storm.

Amos, in his little skill, had hardly pushed off from the shore, when he became aware of the full extent of his danger. He would then gladly have returned to the shore he had left but that was impossible for the storm was at hand; and ere he could even lower his sail, the tempest burst upon him in all its fury. The boat was broadside to the wind, but fortunately the mast broke off close to the thwart at the first gust, otherwise the boat would have upset, and Amos, notwithstanding he was a good swimmer, would have undoubtedly been drowned. He then seized the oar—there was only one in the boat—and sculled, with all his strength to reach the shore; for the wind blew with terrible violence, and the rain fell in torrents, and night was coming on. He felt that his situation was rather a critical one; for the wind and tide acting in concert were rapidly carrying the boat to wards the mouth of the river. He had sculled but a few moments, however, before the oar, which he had made himself only a few days before, from a piece of miserable ash, broke in the middle; and he was thus deprived of the only means he had of managing the boat. He was now at the mercy of the wind and tide, and drifting rapidly towards the ocean. His only hope was that the squall would soon be over, when he would soon be able to see the land, and perhaps paddle the boat ashore, or if he should

fail in that, he could jump overboard, and reach the shore by swimming. But the hope was not realized. The wind continued to blow as hard as ever, with no prospect of a lull, and it was growing dark rapidly. Amos was now convinced that exertion on his part would avail nothing; and, after imploring the protection of Providence, he calmly resigned himself to his fate. And for hours the storm continued—and what with the rain and the spray which dashed over the sides of the boat—he found it necessary to work pretty hard to save his frail skiff from foundering. He knew that he had already passed the bar at the mouth of the river, and expected every moment to be thrown ashore upon one of the islands, which I have already spoken of, or dashed upon ashore or reef.

It was about midnight when the wind somewhat abated, and the rain ceased. Soon afterwards the clouds broke away, and the stars appeared in the sky. Amos eagerly looked around to ascertain what land was in sight, but none greeted his vision. There was a sameness around the horizon which he had never seen before, and his heart almost sank within him, as the conviction entered his mind that he had been driven out to sea.

But there was no help for it now. He felt fatigued and weary, as well as low-spirited and forlorn; and although the boat was very uneasy, and bobbed about on the water like a French dancing-master in the midst of a rigadon, Amos threw himself down in the bottom of the boat, and soon fell asleep. He dreamed of his home. He dreamed that he had gone with his little sister Louisa into the meadow to seek some wild flowers. They found them in abundance of all hues and descriptions; they gathered a large quantity and brought them home, for the purpose of making a flowery wreath for their mother. The wreath was made, and Amos placed it upon his mother's head, upon which Louisa was so much delighted, that she could not contain her feelings, but burst into a heavy laugh, so loud and obstreperous as to awaken him!

Poor Amos! When he awoke he no longer heard his sister's musical laugh, or saw the fond smile of his mother. He heard the sea-gulls screaming and chattering around him, and he saw the wide, wide sea, and in the east, at the distance of many miles, appeared the land, in the shape of a low, dark cloud with an uneven outline. The wind still blew a strong breeze from the Northwest, and was driving him still farther to sea, far from his home and his native land. Poor Amos! It is a wonder if he felt desolate indeed.

And what was the condition of his parents at this time? Almost as distressing, so far as relates to mental sufferings, as the condition of their only son. When Mr. Jones returned, at a late hour in the evening, in the midst of the storm, he learned from his weeping wife that Amos had crossed the river in the afternoon, and had not yet returned. Mr. Jones was alarmed, but sought to comfort his wife by suggesting that the storm came on while he was engaged in hunting, and that he would not, of course leave the opposite shore to return home while it was raging violently. He had misgivings, however, knowing the fearless disposition of his son, that he had embarked during the storm, and that the boat was upset, and that his son was drowned.

Neither parent slept that night, and when the clouds were dispersed, and the stars twinkled in the sky, shining with unusual splendor, and there was still no appearance of Amos, both Mr. and Mrs. Jones became much alarmed, and feared that some terrible accident had happened to their son. As soon as it was daylight, he borrowed a boat from a neighbor, and crossed the river; but no traces of his boat could be discovered in the well known cove, or along the flowery banks. He then became convinced that Amos must have been on the water in the midst of the storm, and was upset and drowned, or driven by the wind out of the river.

If driven out of the river, it was highly probable that the boat had been forced on one of the islands at the mouth of the river; and Mr. Jones, with an anxious heart, proceeded forthwith to the islands to ascertain the truth, if possible, concerning the fate of his son. All that day and the next, he passed in examining different parts of the coast, and making inquiries of fishermen and others; but he could gain no intelligence of either Amos or the boat, and on the third day he returned home with a sorrowing heart, not to comfort his afflicted wife with good tidings, but to confirm her worst anticipations; for there could be no longer a doubt that the boat was upset, and Amos was drowned, or that he had been driven out to sea through some of the different channels, and had miserably perished.

This was a sad blow to Mr. Jones and his worthy wife. They were extremely fond of their son, who promised to be everything that a fond parent could wish. They had already had many little plans for his advancement in life, all of which was suddenly disappointed. Their loss was a terrible and unexpected one, but they strove to bear the sad visitation with Christian fortitude; but many months passed ere a smile was seen to illumine the features of either of these parents—and little Louisa often wept long and bitterly for the death of her kind brother and playmate, who was ever ready to sacrifice his own convenience to procure the comfort and pleasure of his little sister.

We will now return to Amos, left in an open boat, without sails or oars, tossing about in the open sea, at the mercy of the winds and waves. His condition was an unpleasant one; for if a sudden storm should agitate the sea, his little boat would soon be filled, and a watery grave would be his lot. And even if the wind continued moderate, and the sea smooth, unless within a few days he should receive mercy, he would perish for want of food.

But Amos, although he felt by no means a gay and laughing humor, as was his wont, was not altogether discouraged. He knew that vessels belonging to various ports in New England bound to and from different parts of the world, traversed the bay in every direction—and he hoped that he would be so fortunate as to meet with one, and be rescued from the perilous situation. And he stood for hours upon one of the boat's thwarts, and gazed around the horizon. He saw a number of vessels at the distance of several miles, but none of them seemed approaching him.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he desisted, far off in the west, a white speck just appearing on the edge of the horizon. It rapidly increased in size, and he soon knew that it was a square-rigged vessel, that is, either a brig or ship. He saw, also, to his great joy, that this vessel was steering directly towards him. It was not long before he ascertained that the vessel was a large ship, under all sail, with a fair wind bound out the coast, and proceeding rapidly towards him. Fearing that the ship might pass within a short distance, and not perceive the boat—a small object in the water—he fastened his jacket on a piece of broken oar, and raised it in the air; flourishing it in order to attract attention.

The ship came onward, and was passing the boat at the distance of less than half a mile, but still there were no indications on board that the boat was seen. A chill came over poor Amos, for his hopes seemed likely to be disappointed—and he waved his signal with increased energy as the ship was passing rapidly by. And truly happy did he feel when he saw a commotion on the decks, and some of the sails taken in, and the course of the ship changed; and soon afterwards, a boat was lowered, manned, and put off from the ship steering directly towards him.

In a few minutes, Amos, to his great delight found himself safe and sound, although rather hungry, on board the ship "Horn of Plenty." From Portland, bound to Gibraltar. The captain, whose name was Miller, was a very worthy man, and treated Amos with great kindness. He told him that if he met with any vessel bound to an American port, he would put him on board, so that he might reach home without any delay, but that otherwise, he should be compelled to take him with him—as he could not return for that especial purpose. But he fell in with no vessel, and in a few days the "Horn of Plenty" was in the wide Atlantic ocean, and it became evident that there was nothing left for Amos but to make a voyage to sea, in spite of himself.

To this he had no objection, as he had long before expressed a wish to make a voyage to sea, excepting that his parents would be left in suspense with regard to his fate. He was now on board a ship, with the prospect of being several months absent from home, and he determined to make the best of it. Capt. Miller appointed him to perform the duties of cabin-boy; and he proved to be so expert, so ready and willing to learn, so kind-hearted and good-humored, that he soon became a favorite, not only of the officers, but of all hands; and all of them blessed the day when Amos Jones first came on board the ship. And Amos on his part, soon conceived a strong attachment to the generous hearted men among whom he was thrown, and became not only entirely reconciled to, but much pleased with the life of a sailor.

The passage across the Atlantic was a pleasant one; and in twenty-five days after Amos had embarked in the "Horn of Plenty," that ship was at the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, with the barren looking coast of Africa on the right, and the distant hills and red vine-yards of Spain on the left. They passed near the bay of Trafalgar, celebrated for the great naval battle between the combined fleets of France and Spain, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, and the English fleet commanded by the brave Nelson, who gained the victory, but was killed in the action. Passing by the well fortified island of Tarifa, they soon beheld on their left, the high, precipitous, barren-looking rock of Gibraltar, and ere long they opened the large bay, of several miles in length, and entering it, soon let go their anchor in the midst of the shipping, and nearly opposite the town of Gibraltar.

Here was much to astonish and delight Amos. There was much that was new and strange, differing materially from anything he had seen or imagined, while dwelling in his father's quiet cottage, on the banks of a stream in the wilds of Maine. He saw with admiration the flowing fortresses built on the rock, which rose abruptly to the height of twelve hundred feet above the sea. He saw the ships of war, with their tremendous batteries, intended for carnage and destruction, presenting a curious and imposing spectacle around him; and among the merchant ships

he beheld the flags of many nations, and witnessed with astonishment, the singular appearance of their vessels. Besides the English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, which differed not very materially from the craft which he had been accustomed to see, he beheld the flat-bottomed, black vessels distinguished for their swiftness and clumsiness; the Greek galley, the Maltese galleon, the Sanabran batture, a non-descript from the coast of Barbary, and a variety of others.

There were few places which offered more interest, and to the young adventurer, attractive objects than Gibraltar. Capt. Miller soon discharged his cargo, and got a freight for St. Thomas, in the West Indies. There was no vessel bound directly to the United States, at the time, and Amos concluded to remain in the ship, until she reached her port in the West Indies. He wrote a letter to his parents, which was placed in the hands of the Consul, with a request that it should be forwarded the first opportunity. This letter however was never received.

On the passage in St. Thomas, there was also much to attract the attention and elicit the admiration of Amos. At length one pleasant afternoon, a sailor was sent aloft to look out for land. He had no sooner reached the fore-top-mast cross-tree, than he cried "Land Ho!" and sure enough, land was in sight in a southwesterly direction. It was the island of Barbuda—a low island, not very productive, and inhabited principally by fishermen.

The ship passed several miles to the northward of Barbuda—night came on, but in a few hours the mountainous island of St. Bartholomew appeared before them. They passed to the southward, and were then in the Caribbean sea. The wind was light and it was not till the next day that they saw the Virgin Islands, a famous place for buccaners or pirates, in olden times, whether they returned with their ill-gotten booty, and divided spoils, and revelled and caroused, or quarrelled and fought with each other, until, again embarked to court danger, and plunder, perhaps murdered, the honest navigator.

The "Horn of Plenty" then passed along the south side of the island of St. John, whose appearance presented nothing very striking, and proceeding west, soon saw the island of St. Thomas, a barren, sterile-looking island, with hardly any cultivated fields. St. Thomas belongs to the Danish government; and although it produces nothing, it was some years ago a place of importance in commercial point of view. Here American produce was brought and landed in large quantities, and afterwards sold to English vessels, and carried under English colors to the British islands, between which and America there was little or no direct trade. The harbor is on the south side, and is of easy access, spacious and land-locked. The entrance is narrow and on each point is situated a strong fort. The "Horn of Plenty" soon entered the harbor, proceeded up among the shipping, and came to an anchor.

Amos found much to be pleased with; for the fruit and the vegetables, the manner and appearance of the people, the large number of blacks and mulattoes, most of whom were more than half naked, with the warmth and enervating atmosphere of the climate, all spoke of the tropical zone, and were well calculated to administer to the curiosity and gratification of our young hero, who went to sea in spite of himself.

In St. Thomas, Captain Miller succeeded in selling his cargo, and his ship was soon after engaged for a voyage back to Gibraltar, and Marseilles. But Amos wished to return to his home, in order to relieve the anxiety of his parents, and declined to embark again in the "Horn of Plenty," although Captain Miller would have gladly taken him with him. A vessel was at that time about to sail for a northern port; it was the schooner Cyclop, Captain Radius, with a valuable cargo of sugar and coffee. Captain Miller managed to get Amos a chance to work his passage home in this vessel, and at parting made him a present of fifty dollars for his services, besides a good assortment of clothing, which he had previously furnished him.

The Cyclop left the harbor of St. Thomas on the 16th of August, and Amos expected, in the course of a few weeks, to reach his home, in good health and spirits, with some money in his pocket, and more knowledge of mankind and the world, than he would have gained in his native village during a series of years. But other adventures were in store for him ere he arrived at an American port.

The Cyclop passed through the Sall-red passage in the afternoon; the sea was quite smooth, and there was but little wind, the schooner passing through the water at the rate of only three or four knots. Captain Radius often looked to the eastward, and predicted that there would be a fine breeze before midnight; but the sun, as it sank below the horizon, looked fiery red, and there was a thick hazy smoke about the horizon, of a deep yellowish color, which presented an appearance different from anything which Amos had seen, and attracted the attention of all the crew.

One of the seamen, named Andrew Simmons, after gazing intently at the western sky a few moments, after the sun had gone down, gravely remarked,—"The Captain thinks we shall have wind enough before midnight. He

may be right; but I feel sure that we shall have enough before sun-rise to-morrow. I wish with all my heart that we were safe at anchor in St. Thomas."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Dennis, the mate. "Do you think that any thing is going to happen to us?"

"Nothing extraordinary, perhaps," replied Andrew; "only I think that a hurricane is coming on!"

"A hurricane!" exclaimed the astonished mate. "What has put that dreadful idea into your head. Nonsense!"

"I have been in the West Indies before to-day," replied Andrew, with a peculiar emphasis.

The mate laughed, and walked aft to the quarter-deck and told the captain of the old sailor's prediction, who seemed much amused.

The wind seemed to breeze up from the southeast, as evening advanced, and for a few hours the schooner proceeded at a good rate; but at about midnight it suddenly died away, and the haze around the horizon seemed to increase. But few stars could be seen, and those were directly in the zenith. The moon rose soon afterwards, and in a couple of hours was seen struggling, as it were, through the mist, and of a pale greenish hue, and as she increased her distance from the horizon, appeared surrounded by a magnificent halo.

Captain Radius was observed, as he noted these appearances, to shake his head, and mutter something to himself. He was evidently a little startled at these unusual indications of a change of weather.

Old Andrew cast his eye around the horizon, and remarked that it would be along, but—end foremost, before many minutes. There was little said by the crew, but all seemed prepared to expect some extraordinary occurrence. The watch below had taken the alarm, and every man was on deck. Captain Radius ordered the light sails to be taken in, which was promptly done—and it was half-past three o'clock in the morning, when the haze having increased and obscured the moon, that he ordered the mainsail to be lowered, and the fore-top-gallant sail to be taken in. It cannot be said that he actually expected a hurricane; but all the appearances around him, and a sort of superstitious influence in the atmosphere, seemed to say, "be prepared for something extraordinary is about to take place."

The mainsail was lowered on deck and secured; the top gallant sail was clued up, and Jim Gibbons, a likely lad of sixteen, was sent aloft to furl it. Other preparations were in progress, when suddenly a noise was heard at a distance—a strange moaning sort of noise—it became louder every moment, and it was soon evident that it was caused by a furious wind rushing over the waters.

"The hurricane is coming!" shouted Andrew Simmons; and every man on board that vessel felt his words were the words of truth.

"Lower away the fore-sail!" cried Captain Radius, with startling energy. "Clue up that fore-top-sail! Haul down the jib!"

The halliards of the fore-sail were let go, and the sail came rattling down on deck; but before the fore-top sail could be clued up, the fierce wind struck the schooner. It came with tremendous violence, and its roar as it crossed the waters was truly appalling. It seemed as if nothing could withstand its fury. The fore-top-mast was broken off like a pipe-stem, and fell over the side; and poor Jim Gibbons was hurried into the deep, and was never seen more.

The hurricane in all its fury was upon them; the wind blew with a violence which was truly appalling to the most veteran seaman. It is impossible for a landsman to conceive of its strength and fury. The sails were now all taken in or blown away, and the schooner was lying to, with the wind about southeast. The fore-top-mast was alongside, and made a terrible thumping against the bottom; and Captain Radius, by screaming with all his might, and by signs, informed the men that it must be cut away.

This, however was found to be a difficult job. After some search, the cook's axe was found, and all hands went bravely to work, to clear away the wreck, but the lee side of the schooner was under water, and the men were submerged at every lurch of the vessel. At length Mr. Dennis after having wielded the axe with much effect, unfortunately let it drop into the sea, as he was on the point of giving a finishing stroke to one of the fore-top-mast halliards. Captain Radius saw the accident, and beckoning to Amos, who stood by, drenched thoroughly with salt spray, and holding firmly by the main rigging, and putting his mouth close to the boy's ear, after two or three ineffectual efforts, he succeeded in making him comprehend his order to go below and bring a hatchet from the Captain's chest. Captain Radius with praise-worthy precaution always kept one stowed away there, to be used on emergencies. Amos went below for the hatchet.

By this time it was day-light. Indeed, if the sun could have been seen, it would have appeared some fifteen or twenty degrees above the horizon. The wind continued to blow with tremendous violence, and had created and roused into action a frightful and dangerous sea; and as the schooner would not come to the wind, but lay, as the seamen call it, "in the trough of the sea," her condition was perilous in the extreme.

Amos had found the hatchet, and was coming on deck, when the vessel seemed to experience a terrible shock—he heard the sound of spars falling on the deck, and while the water was pouring down the reeve and open spaces by the companion-way, skylight, &c., the hull seemed to quiver in every part. He knew that something dreadful had happened—he believed that his last hour had come, and in his distress called upon the Almighty Power for aid in that sad emergency.

And Amos was not alarmed without reason. A heavy rolling wave of uncommon size and with a foaming crest, resembling the mighty waves which roll upon the exposed sea-beach during a fearful storm, had broken over the decks and swept every thing away! Yes, when Amos had in some degree recovered from his fears by seeing no prospect of immediate death, and opened the companion-way scuttle, and looked upon the deck, hardly knowing what to expect, he beheld at a glance the terrible effects of that destructive wave.

The mainmast was broken off near the deck, the long-boat, cabin-house, spare spars, bulwarks, rails, indeed every thing above the deck, had been carried away by the wonderful strength of that wave. He looked for the captain, for the mate, for the men, but not one of that whole crew could be seen. They had all been hurried into the sea. Of that ship's company, consisting of nine individuals, he was the only one who remained. In one moment they had all been summoned to render an account of their conduct at the throne of God.

Amos did not go on deck. As soon as he became aware of the existing state of things, he closed the scuttle, and returned to the cabin, where he remained until the hurricane was over, only occasionally ascending the steps, and looking out to note the condition of the tempest. There is reason to believe, however, that soon after the sea swept over the schooner's decks, the wind shifted to the northeast and blew two or three hours after as furiously as before, and that it afterwards shifted into the north-west, and it may be into the westward. But there was no cessation in the gale until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, very much to the satisfaction of Amos, the hurricane began to subside, and before dark the wind had almost entirely ceased. By midnight the clouds had dispersed, the stars shone out in all their glory, the waves had subsided, and the crippled and destitute remnant of the vessel alone bore witness to the fury of the hurricane of the previous day.

Amos now felt convinced that the danger was over; and on his knees he fervently poured out the thanks of a grateful soul to God for preserving him amidst such imminent perils. He then threw himself on a mattress in one of the cabin berths, and, exhausted with bodily fatigue and mental excitement, soon fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning, it was broad day-light, and at first he could hardly believe that he had not been under the influence of a strange and hideous dream. He hastened on deck, and the awful solitude of the decks, and the sad appearance of the vessel, soon restored him that faithful memory was not recalling a dream, but a terrible reality. He hastened towards the fore-castle, hoping that he might be so fortunate as to find one of his shipmates still living. He thrust his head into the doorway, and shouted aloud, but echo only replied. He then felt a conviction that he must rely on himself alone for relief in his present difficulties.

But Amos was no navigator, and even if he had been master of that useful art, he would have found it difficult to manage the vessel, destitute as she was of sails, and crippled in her spars. In this dilemma he ascended the fore-top with the hope of discovering land, or some vessel, from which he could procure assistance, and his labors were well rewarded. He saw in the southwest, at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles, some high and mountainous land. This rejoiced his heart, for the wind being northeast, and a good breeze, was now blowing directly towards it! He soon reached the quarter-deck, and being something of a sailor, succeeded in his attempts to get the schooner before the wind, and then taking the helm, he steered her directly towards the land; and the vessel, although no sail was set, impelled by a good breeze, proceeded along at the rate of quite two and a half knots an hour.

The Cyclop seemed rapidly to draw near the land, and by twelve o'clock Amos could discern the whole outline of the coast, with its rivers, its bays, &c.; but he saw no harbor, and he knew if he ran the schooner ashore at that place, exposed to all the violence of the waves, she would doubtless go to pieces, and he himself would perish. He wisely continued to run along the coast, nearly before the wind, hoping to find some sheltered harbor, which it would be in his power to enter; and he soon had reason to rejoice that he adopted that course, for at about three o'clock, in the afternoon, he saw some flag-staffs on a point of land ahead, and as he approached he beheld some strong fortifications, and he knew that a harbor must be near. In another hour he had opened the harbor, and steered the schooner directly for it. It was the harbor of St. John, in Porto Rico.

The people on board the shipping and in the fortifications were astonished to see a crippled



pled vessel, with only one person on board, and no sail set, entered the harbor; and the schooner had reached the usual anchorage ground, several boats had put off from American vessels in port to her assistance. They took the vessel in tow, and, by means of a hawser, soon succeeded in making her fast to a large ship belonging to New York, until some ground tackle could be got ready for moving the schooner in the usual manner.

The arrival of the vessel at St. John caused considerable talk. The American Consul and various merchants went on board. Men were procured to pump out the water, but it was found that, notwithstanding the sad twisting she had received during the hurricane, she had heeled but little. Her valuable cargo, with the exception of the ground tackle, was found to be in pretty good order. Amos soon found friends who interested themselves in his behalf. The vessel was taken good care of, repaired, a crew put on board, and in good time arrived in safety in the United States, where Amos received a handsome sum of money, as SALVAGE, from the Insurance Companies, for having saved the vessel and cargo.

One afternoon in the month of November, succeeding the events above recorded, Amos, alighted from the stage at the tavern situated about five miles from his father's house. The landlord, Major Miles, hardly recognized him at first, he was so altered in his complexion and stature, and had also acquired so much manliness of appearance, owing less to the lapse of time, than to the many trying scenes which he had passed; but when the Major found that it was really Amos Jones who stood before him, he was quite rejoiced. He told Amos that his parents had never received any letter from him, and had bitterly mourned over his supposed death. His father had also been attacked with a dangerous and protracted illness, from which he had yet hardly recovered. The health of his mother had also been feeble; and in consequence of these misfortunes Mr. Jones had been compelled to mortgage his farm as security for money which he was obliged to borrow, and was exceedingly low-spirited, and was staring him in the face. "But," added the landlord, "your presence will restore their wonted spirits, and build them all up again. I dare say everything will go on like clock-work now."

Amos was speedily provided with a horse and wagon, and proceeded at full speed down the cross-road which led to the little hamlet, in the edge of which was his father's residence. He passed many spots with which some of the most pleasing acts of his earlier days were associated, and soon came in sight of his father's house. He alighted from the wagon, while yet afar off, and proceeded gently towards the door. He lifted the latch, and looked into the well known room. His father was sitting in a chair with his head resting on his hand, in a pensive attitude, and despondency stamped on his features. His mother, pale and emaciated, was moving about the room with feeble steps, making preparations for their frugal evening meal, while his little sister, Louisa, was busily playing with a kitten on the hearth. Old Caesar, the house dog, was enjoying himself, stretched out lazily beneath the table.

The attention of the inmates was directed to Amos as he opened the door; but his hat being pulled down over his eyes, and his gentle dress, added to his altered form and expression, prevented him from being immediately recognized. Mr. Jones arose, and with an enquiring air approached him, while Mrs. Jones, perceiving as she thought a stranger, called Louisa to set a chair. But Caesar, who had been awakened by the entrance of Amos, no sooner beheld his young master, than, with that wonderful instinctive knowledge with which some brute animals are endowed, he knew him at once, and sprang towards him jumping up and licking his face, whining, fawning upon him, and other ways evincing the exuberance of his joy.

Mr. Jones for a moment was puzzled, and Mrs. Jones amazed. Who could it be that was so well acquainted with their dog? But when Amos said, in a gently reproving tone, "Get down, Caesar; get down!" the truth flashed upon them at once. Their son was not dead. He had been wonderfully preserved by a kind Providence, and after an absence of many months, was returned to their arms in safety!

I will not attempt to describe the scene which ensued. The joy which the presence of Amos spread over that family may be easily imagined. The cottage was again the scene of unalloyed happiness, and peace, plenty, and virtue became its inmates. Amos never went to sea again, but in process of time became one of the most substantial and intelligent farmers in the State of Maine; nevertheless, he always declared that his voyage was a capital thing, although he did go to sea in spite of himself!

#### Norman Conquest of England.

WILLIAM, Duke of Normandy, was in his Park, near Rouen, trying a new bow and arrows, when he received the tidings of the death of Edward, King of England, and of the elevation of Harold, son of Godwin, to the vacant throne. He suddenly became thoughtful, passed the bow to one of his men, crossed the Seine, and repaired to his hotel at Rouen. There he paced the great hall backwards and forwards, now sitting down, now hastily rising again, agitated by a mighty thought which would not let him rest anywhere.

"Sire," said one of his officers most familiar with him, "why should you conceal from us your news? It is commonly reported in the city that the king of England is dead, and that Harold, breaking his faith with thee, has seized the kingdom." "They say true; my chagrin is caused by Edward's death, and the wrong done me by Harold." "Well, Sire, do not be angry about a thing which cannot be remedied, but for Harold's wrong there is. Yours is a good right, and you have valiant knights. Undertake boldly; that which is boldly undertaken is half accomplished."

Soon after this a messenger from Normandy addressed King Harold in these words: "William, Duke of the Normans, sends to remind thee of the oath which thou hast sworn to him with thy mouth, and with thy hand upon good ancient relics." "Tis true," replied the Saxon King, "that I took an oath to William, but it was under constraint. I promised what did not belong to me—a promise which I could not in any way perform. My royal authority is not my own. I could not lay it down against the will of the country; nor can I against the will of the country take a foreign wife. As for my sister whom the Duke claims, that he may mar-

ry her to one of his chiefs, she has died within the year. Would he have me send her corpse?"

The first step William took for the establishment of his claim to the crown of England, was to arraign the king for sacrilege before the Roman court, demanding that England, should be laid under an interdict, and declared the property of him who should first take possession, subject to the Pope's approval. Though Harold disdained to defend himself before a foreign tribunal against one who had violated hospitality and converted holy things into a snare, the question was solemnly adjudicated by the cardinals, at the time guided and controlled by Hildebrand, to whose gigantic scheme of universal temporal as well as spiritual domination this quarrel might be made subservient. The sentence pronounced was, that William, Duke of Normandy had a right to enter England, and bring it into obedience to the holy See, and to re-establish forever the tax of Peter's pence. Harold and all his adherents were excommunicated by a papal bull, which was transmitted by William by the hands of his envoy by the gift of a banner, which had received the "Apostolic" blessing.

In the meantime, says the Chronicles, William convoked a great assembly of the men of all classes in Normandy, of warriors, priests, and merchants, who possessed the greatest wealth and consideration. To them he unfolded his project and solicited their assistance. Having retired for deliberation, there arose among them violent differences of opinion, and words ran high. The majority declared—"whatever he has to perform in his own country we will assist him in, as it is our duty to do; but we are not bound to aid him in conquering the territory of others. Besides, if we were to offer him double knight's service, and to follow him beyond the seas, he would make it a custom and right for the future, and would use it to oppress our children. It cannot and shall not be so." Groups of ten, twenty and thirty began to collect together and dispute; and the tumult became general, and the meeting separated without coming to any decision.

William, though surprised and enraged at this result, suppressed his feelings, and adopted a plan which has rarely failed in the hands of men in power, to overcome popular resistance. He sent for the leaders of the opposition, and conversed with them separately, entreating them, as a personal favor, to assist him in the expedition, and promised them rich rewards. No one had heart, when thus solicited, to refuse his sovereign in such an emergency. One subscribed for vessels, another for well appointed men-at-arms, and many promised to accompany him in person. The priests gave their money, the merchants their stuffs, the country people their provisions. At this juncture the consecrated banner, authorizing the invasion, arrived from Rome. The visible token of what that age considered divine sanction, added sacredness to the cause, and kindled the enthusiasm of the multitude. Mothers now sent their sons to enlist for the salvation of their souls. William had his proclamation of war speedily published in the neighboring countries, offering good pay and the plunder of England to every tall and stout man who would serve him with spear, sword or cross bow. A multitude came by all roads from far and near—from Maine, Anjou, Poitou, Brittany, France, Aquitaine, Burgundy, Piedmont and the banks of the Rhine. "All the adventurers by profession, all the outcasts of Western Europe, came eagerly and by forced marches. Some were cavaliers—others simply foot soldiers. Some asked pay in money—others only for a passage and all the booty they could make. Many stipulated for land—a demesne, a castle or town, while some would be satisfied with some rich Saxon woman for a wife. William rejected no one, but promised favors to all, according to his ability.

The fleet assembled at the mouth of the Dive, where it was detained a month by unfavorable winds. During this dispiriting delay, sickness and death began to thin the Norman ranks. The soldiers murmured and repented of the enterprise—exclaiming, "Mad and foolish is the man who seeks to possess himself of another's kingdom; God is offended at such designs, and shows his displeasure by refusing us a fair wind." Even the strong mind of the Duke became the prey of anxiety. He had the dead secretly buried at night, and added ardent spirits to the rations of the men. Policy also suggested the expediency of a grand procession of relics, in order to revive the drooping faith of his followers. By a lucky coincidence the wind suddenly changed—the sun shone out in splendor, and the fleet put out to sea, led on by the Duke's vessel, and having the Norman ensign of three lions painted on the many colored sails.

On the 25th of September, 1066, they reached the English shore, with 700 ships and 60,000 fighting men. They landed at Pevensey, near Hastings. The army then marched to the town of Hastings, near which they encamped, and erected their tents and wooden castles, and furnished them with provisions. In the meantime, bodies of soldiers overran all the neighboring country, plundering and burning as they went. The English fled from their homes, concealed their furniture, cattle, and flocks to the churches and church-yards, which they naturally thought the most secure asylums from enemies who were Christians like themselves. But they found the sanctity of places a poor defence against the cupidity of the human heart.

Harold, though weary and wounded after his victory, hastened from York to defend his country which he rashly resolved to risk in a battle with an army four times as large as his own. Against this, several of his chiefs remonstrated, advising him to retire to London, ravaging the country by the way in order to reduce the enemy by famine. But the generous Harold answered, "Shall I ravage the country which is trusted to my care? Upon my faith it would be an act of treason! I will rather try the chances of a battle with the few men I have, and trust to my own valor and the goodness of my cause." One of his officers said, "We must fight; they come not only to ruin us, but to ruin our descendants also, and take from us the country of our ancestors." The English promised, by an unanimous oath to make neither peace, nor truce, nor treaty with the invader, but

either to die or expel the Normans. On the ground which thenceforward bore the name of *Battle*, the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a long chain of hills, fortified with a rampart of stakes and osier hurdles. On the night of the 13th October, William announced that next day would begin the battle. The priests and monks, in great numbers, attracted, like the soldiers, with the hope of booty, began to say prayers and sing litanies, while the fighting men were preparing their arms. This done, they confessed their sins and received the sacrament. On the other side, the English diverted themselves with great noise, singing their old national songs around their watch-fires, and drinking freely of wine and beer. In the morning the Bishop of Bayeux, who was the Duke's half brother, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and solemnly blessed the soldiers. He then mounted a large white horse, seized a baton of command, and drew up the cavalry in line of battle. William, mounted on a Spanish charger—the most venerated of the relics sworn on by Harold, suspended by his neck, and the standard consecrated by the Pope, born by his side—thus addressed the troops, when about to advance to the charge:

"Remember to fight well and put all to death; for if we conquer, we shall all be rich. What I gain you will gain. If I conquer, you will conquer. If I take this land you shall have it. Know however that I am not come only to obtain my right, but also to avenge our whole nation of the felonies, prejudices and treacheries of these English. They put to death the Danes, men and women, on St. Peter's night. They decimated the commons of my kinsman, Alfred, and took his life. Come on then, and let us, with God's blessing, chastise them for all these misdeeds. The priests then retired to a neighboring height to assist in the pious homicide with their prayers.

At first the Normans were repeatedly driven back—a report went through the ranks that the Duke was dead, and a panic seized the army, which began a retreat; but with his accustomed presence of mind he threw himself before them, pulled off his helmet, assured them of his safety, and promised them victory. Then, by a skilful manoeuvre, he threw the English off their guard, drew them from their strong-holds, and won the day. King Harold and his two brothers were found dead at the foot of the national standard which was instantly plucked up, and the Roman banner planted in its stead. The remains of the small English army, without chief or standard, prolonged the struggle till night, and fought on in the dark when the combatants could recognize one another only by their language, while the French shouts of victory resounded from hill to hill. Having done for their country all that valor could accomplish, the patriot soldiers dispersed. Many died on the roads, from the wounds and the fatigues of the day. The rest were pursued hotly by the Norman cavalry, who gave quarter to none.

Thus perished in one day the Anglo-Saxon sovereignty, and the rich realm of England became the possession of strangers. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicles refer to this fatal day in the most mournful strains: "England" exclaims one, "what shall I say of thee to our descendants? Thou hast lost thy national king, and hast fallen under the dominion of foreigners—that thy sons have perished miserably—that thy counselors and chieftains are vanquished, slain or disinherited!" Long after this, patriotic superstition discerned traces of fresh blood on the battle ground; and according to the religion of the times, William who was pious in his way, made a vow that he would erect a monastery on this spot, to the Holy Trinity and St. Martin!

#### From the Boston Courier.

#### RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

At a public meeting held in London on the 23d of July, for the expression of popular feeling and opinion on the subject of the war in Hungary, Mr. Cobden made a speech in which he recited facts which were designed to modify the general opinion now entertained respecting the great wealth and public resources of the Russian empire. Mr. Cobden, as everybody knows, is a matter-of-fact person who brings all political speculations and theories down to the test of plain arithmetic and practical, tangible results. He has recently visited Russia, and endeavored to make himself acquainted with the economical system of that country, and its real financial power. The facts which he has disclosed will probably be new to a great many readers who have been accustomed to regard that immense empire as possessed of an overpowering force of both armies and money. We must bear in mind, however, that Mr. Cobden was speaking in a great measure for immediate effect upon a popular audience, and a little allowance must be made for exaggeration and high coloring of language. Still, the views which he suggests are interesting, and deserve the attention of all who study the political designs of Russia, and attempt to measure the growing influence which she is supposed to exert upon the balance of power among the states of Europe and Asia. We give an abridgement of Mr. Cobden's statements with regard to the subject:—

Russia cannot carry on two campaigns beyond her own frontiers without coming to Western Europe for a loan, or robbing the bank. She never has done so yet without being either subsidized by England or borrowing money in Amsterdam. Having had opportunities of knowing much of Russia, and having visited that country and got a peep behind the scenes, I am able to repeat that she cannot carry on two campaigns without coming to borrow money from Western Europe, or else robbing the bank of St. Petersburg.

In 1829 Russia was engaged in a war with Turkey; and after one campaign she was obliged to go to Hope & Co. of Amsterdam, to borrow 40,000,000 of florins. That loan was necessary for her to carry on a war of two years with Turkey, though Turkey was then prostrate, having lost her fleet at Navarino shortly before. Two years after when the Polish revolution took place, she could not carry on that war of nine months without contracting another loan in Amsterdam. Now I would ask could we not do something to prevent Russia and Austria from raising a loan in Western Europe again? They have not a citizen in their own country able to lead

them a farthing. Russia enjoys the credit of being wealthy, only because her diplomats are skilful and cunning men, who manage to desecrate falsehoods as to her pretended wealth, but which nobody who knows anything of the matter will believe for a moment. They tell you, for instance, that the Russian Emperor has gold mines in Siberia, from which he could draw any amount of gold, and I believe this is seriously believed by some gentlemen in the great establishment in Threadneedle street. Now, I have had the opportunity of knowing the value of these mines. The Russian Government does not work the mines itself, but receives a percentage on the working of the mines by others, amounting in the whole to between £700,000 and £800,000 a-year, while it gets ten times as much in excise duty on the ardent spirits consumed by its own degraded and debased population. But we are told that the Emperor of Russia has got a vast amount in St. Petersburg. It is precisely such a reserve as is kept in the bank of England—it is a reserve of 14 or 15 million to meet a paper circulation of Russia and has been used to redeem other paper money, which had depreciated from 3s. 4d. to 10-1-2d., or one-fourth. The government is now taking up at 10-1-2 the notes that it before issued at 3s. 4d., but it has done so under a solemn pledge that there shall be a reserve of specie in the vaults of the fortress of St. Petersburg to pay all future demands. And yet the agents of Russia come here and say that the emperor has got £14,000,000 £15,000,000 of specie in his hands, whereas he has no more right to touch it than the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have to seize on the reserve in the establishment in Threadneedle street.

As for Austria, I suppose nobody would ever think of lending her money. Why, she has been twice a bankrupt within the last forty years, and her paper money is now down to a discount of 15 or 16 per cent. Surely then, no one will ever think of lending her money. But the peace party throughout the country will do this—we will raise a crusade against every Government that carries on an unholy war. Well, don't let any one believe in future any of those stories about Russian resources and Russian gold. Why, it is the poorest and most beggarly government in Europe—it has not a farthing. Last year there was an immense deficit, and this year the revenue falls far short the expenditure so that this financial year will be far worse than the last. Talk of Russia being such a gigantic and immense power!—there is not such a gigantic imposture in all the world.

Russia a powerful country! It has an army on paper without a commissariat; it has a navy without sailors; it has a military chest without a farthing in it. Why, the Russian Government have been four or five years engaged in making a railway from Moscow to St. Petersburg. The country all the way is as level as this table, and yet I do not believe it is half finished as yet [laughter.] For that work they had to go to the banker quarterly to pay the expenses. Russia a powerful and rich country?—Don't believe any body in future who tells you so.

Undoubtedly that country is the richest where the inhabitants, taken individually, are the best fed, clothed, housed and occupied in productive labor. Viewed by this test, Russia, with all her millions of population, is a poor country. Mines are nothing—nopolities are nothing—heaps of wealth in the hands of a few individuals are nothing. There are mines in Peru—there are men of enormous wealth among the Hindus; but Peru and Hindostan, with all their fane for gold, are among the poorest countries in the world as to effective financial power. To what extent the operations of the Russian armies in Hungary may be embarrassed by a deficiency in the treasury of the Czar, we have at present no means of knowing. It will be easier to conquer Hungary than to keep it in subjection. Russia we are inclined to think, is equal to the first effort, though she may not be equal to the second. We fear the present campaign will suffer to crush the Magyars, and that a loan in London or Amsterdam, will not be required to aid the two despatches of the East in planting their heel on the neck of this gallant nation.

THE HUNKER AND BARNBURNER'S CONVENTIONS.—No Union.—Rome Aug. 17.—The "Free Soilers," at a session held last evening, adopted a resolution not to accept the proposition of the Hunkers to unite upon the grounds proposed by them.

At the Hunker Convention, this morning, resolutions were adopted, opposing the introduction of slavery into territory now free, but would not regard the question as a party test. The following resolve was also passed:—

Resolved, That the power of Congress, in regard to this subject, is viewed as a reversed question among all Democrats, and we will leave every man to his own opinion.

A copy of both resolutions was transmitted to the "Free Soilers," and the Convention adjourned.

The Hunkers reassembled at 4-4, P. M. The "Free Soilers" sent in word that they had no further communications to make. After the adoption of some unimportant resolutions, and speeches had been made, the Hunkers adjourned 8-8-10, with 8 cheers for Marcy, and three for the Democratic party. Great enthusiasm.

OH Knick puts on a considerable philosophy into the mouth of a negro parson, who, in endeavoring to give the colored persuasion a high opinion of themselves, used the following language:—"Don't do scriptur say dat two sparrow-hawk nu sold for a farden, and not one on 'em shall fall 'pon de ground widout deir fader? Well, den, my breden, if your hobely fader care so much for a sparrow-hawk when you can buy two on 'em for a farden, how much more he care for you, dat is with six or seven hundred dollars a-piece!"

We learn that Mr. Carter of the Portland Advertiser, Mr. Cochran of E. Thomaston and some others, made very able speeches in the House on Tuesday last, in favor of the new liquor law. [Gardner Fountain.]

A HEAVY BUSINESS. Over a million of dollars of duties were received at the New York Custom House during two days of last week.

## LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

M. P. WILLIAMS, EDITOR.

It is not he that wields the heaviest spear who delivers the deepest, but he who follows stroke upon stroke with the most unrelenting succession. And industry in its humblest march often undermines and levels the obstacles which genius attempts to surmount in vain.—Bishop.

THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1849.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

Of all visible objects which we contemplate or study, man is himself the chiefest and most wonderful; not merely from the character of his physical organization, but especially because of those mental endowments and capabilities which make him a spiritual being. Its own powers and their relations, form to the mind the most interesting of all objects to be known. The inherent activity and inventiveness of mind, are at the origin of every useful discovery which has added to the present comfort and advantage of man, so that every day adds some new proof that "he is placed in the centre of the harmonies of the material universe;" the objects around him and above him being made to hand over to him some benefit so admirably adapted to his wants that we cannot doubt that they were designed for this among other purposes, by the beneficent hand that made them. As the great agent in the procurement of physical good, therefore, mind deserves an admiring study. But much more, when our sensations and perceptions, memory, imagination, consciousness, judgment, and other qualities or powers of mind, lift him out of the material into the immaterial world, and by their upward impulses, prove that he was made for higher purposes than any that belong to the material life merely. A short-lived body, to be presently spell-bound by mysterious deaths,—though beautiful, fragile—an admirable instrument and servant, but a hard master,—derives its chief importance as the esker of a jewel—as the medium of correspondences between its spiritual occupant and the spiritual occupants of other bodies. Study, then, the philosophy of mind. The faithful examination of the elementary knowledge that may be acquired on this subject, will repay great and persevering effort.

Can any object so interest the soul as the soul itself?—viewed as a moral agent—the subject of moral government—the destined inheritor of an interminable existence—the friend or the foe of his maker—happy when in accordance with, and necessarily unhappy when dissenting from the great laws of obligation which rule the moral universe.

Thus we shall be led upward to the source of all being, sometimes in "wondering mazes lost," but under the guidance of certain well-established principles, safe from the rocks and quicksands which destroy only the presumptuous and conceited navigator.

### Revolution in Hungary.

While the peculiarities of our situation, as well as regard for our own interest, and even for the final success of those principles whose advancement we ardently desire, demands of the American people the strictest care in avoiding any entanglement in the affairs of other nations; yet while happily enjoying the secure blessings arising from or connected with our free institutions, we have watched not without anxiety and sympathy, the changing aspect of the convulsions which have agitated the nations of Europe. All however have not shared those sympathies alike. A memory of the fearful excesses of a former day, fills us with doubt and distrust even when the cry of "Vive la Republique" rises loudest from the fickle populace of an enthusiastic but unsteady nation; and warm and friendly as are our hopes, they are strangely contrasted with equally strong and depressing fears.

Nor has this been the case with France alone, but in Germany, where we have seen the leaders of the people guided in their search for truth and right by the dangerous light of a false philosophy;—in the too passionate and impatient struggles which have marked the messianism of the Italians beneath their ancient chains; while we have traced with pleasure each evidence of coming regeneration, we have yet foreseen that for the most of them the day is not yet, and that earnest endeavors and patient endurance are yet to earn the morning. But there is an arena of contest which we cannot approach without the absorbing interest of participants, a struggle, in whose fortunes we sympathize earnestly as we did when the standard of liberty last waved over the plains of Poland, or among the monumental mountains and storied valleys of Greece.

We behold in Hungary a parallel to our own war of the Revolution, we recognize in her leaders, heroes worthy of a brotherhood with our own Washington and his compatriots; and remembering our own feebleness, and the overwhelming odds arrayed against us in that arduous conflict; we despair not of Hungary, though colossal despotism brings up its slaves against her in doubled thousands. We believe that a brave, united nation struggling in a just cause is invincible; and we anticipate that a feeling of generous sympathy, stimulated by her late success will bring aid to her from some kindred nation, even as our own victories at Saratoga won for us the alliance and support of France. We would that that debt, incurred in behalf of freedom, could now be repaid by sending a few of our starry banners to wave over the fields of Hungary, surrounded by enough of our brave sons to guard them well in the front of the fiercest contest. And though such a wish may be truly vain, yet, in the vicissitudes of Hungarian fortune, the eye of the western world shall be deeply interested, earnestly hoping that her glorious cause so bravely supported will yet triumph over the united legions of her foes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Manchester Messenger, in discoursing upon the subject of education, lets off the following rocket:—

"The whole country would be buried in degradation and we should be no better than the dusky Hottentots who fence the parching sands of Siberia, or the degraded Eskimo that hunts the aligator upon the cloud-capt pyramids of Ethiopia! Education, that has alone made us paramount all difficulties in our way, is so graphically the progressive genius of the 19th century."

### Marrying for Money.

A few thousand when accompanied with a pretty face and other accomplishments, possesses an attraction which few men can coolly upon, notwithstanding the numberless warnings we have both as living examples and written testimony. A man who marries for wealth, weds himself to unhappiness and shame; if not to discord,—it cannot be otherwise. Hulwer's advice is:—"fly from a lead upon the head, on the genius, the energy, the pride, and spirit, which no man can bear; fly from the curse of owing every thing to a wife!—it is a reversal of all natural position, it is a blow to all manhood within us. You know not what it is: I do. My wife's fortune came not until after my marriage—so far so well; it saved my reputation from the charge of fortune hunting. But I tell you fairly, that if it had never come at all, I should be a prouder, and a greater, and a happier man than I have ever been, or ever can be, with all its advantages; it has been a mill-stone round my neck. And yet Ellnor has never breathed a word that would wound my pride.

THOMASTON, August 11, 1848.

MR. GAZETTE:—The Ordination of Mr. OLIVER J. FERNALD, a young gentleman recently from the schools at Cambridge, took place this afternoon at the Unitarian Church in this village. A large concourse of people was in attendance, by whom the ceremony was regarded as one of imposing solemnity. Though the weather has been very unfavorable for many days, and can scarcely be said to have been favorable to-day, even most of the clerymen of that denomination, who were expected to take part in the exercises of the day were present; also several of the ministers of other denominations in the vicinity, thus discovering as we conceive, a commendable degree of fraternal feeling.

The audience was informed by the Chairman of the Council, called for that purpose, that they had found the candidate in an eminent degree qualified for the discharge of the duties of the gospel Ministry, to which they are about to set him apart, after which the exercises of the day were commenced by a chant performed by the Choir in a very creditable manner, accompanied by Mrs. Blaisdell upon the organ.

The Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures was by the Rev. H. P. Cutler of Portland.

The Sermon by Rev. Francis H. Hedge of Bangor was such a production as we have not been frequently favored with; and we think will not disparage his enviable reputation. It was a faithful portraiture of the various religious sects and denominations, the peculiar work they had done, and were destined to accomplish, and the wants they were calculated to supply. He claimed only for the Unitarian denomination that it had its work, and supplied one of the demands of the world, not that it was exclusively the Christian Church. That the Church of Christ, was the great spiritual body of the world, stripped of its dogmas and its scholastic subtleties. If we were disposed to attempt an analysis of this discourse, we should be deterred from doing so by the gratifying intelligence that a copy will be furnished for publication, as we are persuaded that will speak much better for itself than any one can speak for it. There was a terseness and comprehensive vigor, throughout the whole discourse which was in agreeable contrast with many of the productions of the present day.

The Ordination Prayer was by the Rev. M. Palfry of Belfast. The Charge was by the Rev. A. D. Wheeler of Topsham, and was full of paternal counsel, impressive warning, and words of encouragement in relation to the great duties and trials of the christian ministry. It forcibly reminded one of a dotting father sending forth to the duties of life an affectionate son.

THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP was given by the Rev. G. Reynolds, of Jamaica Plain, Mass. Mr. Reynolds seemed to have been an old friend and school companion of Mr. Fernald's, which circumstance increased the interest in that ceremony. It was full of feeling and touching simplicity. It was a hearty and cordial welcome to the great field of labor which himself had just entered.

The ending prayer was by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Topsham. The exercises were interspersed with hymns and anthems appropriate to the occasion, sung with taste and skill.

THE LEGISLATURE OF THIS STATE adjourned on Wednesday the 15th inst. after a session of about three months.

The Homestead Exemption Bill, (so called) passed both branches and has been signed by the Governor. It exempts (from attachment) real estate to the amount of five hundred dollars, and if a debtor is not the owner of real estate to that value then five hundred dollars worth of personal property to be by him selected in addition to the specific exemptions already provided for. The change is not to affect existing debts.

The Resolves submitting the question of a change of the time of holding the sessions of the Legislature passed both branches on Tuesday, after a long and close struggle between the Hubbard and Hodgden wings of the denominated party, in such form as to extend the term of Governor Dana if the change is adopted, from May next to January 1851.

Just before the adjournment a message was received from Governor Dana, informing the Legislature that he retained for advisement an Act in relation to common sellers of spirituous liquors, and also an Act repealing so much of the ten hour law as forbid parents and guardians from contracting to permit minors under the age of sixteen to labor more than ten hours.

The liquor law which the Governor has retained renews the old provision in relation to common retailers, and provides that on complaint of three persons to a Justice of the Peace, under oath, that they have reason to believe and do believe, that any individual is engaged in selling liquors in violation of law, said Justice may issue a warrant to search the place designed for any evidence thereof. It is to this latter provision that the Governor attaches an objection, for the consideration of which, he has retained the Bill.







